

Independent Study by Magladin

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Summary:

El and Mike use their school time to work on, um, creative endeavors. Somebody give them both gold stars...

Independent Study

Author's Note:

This should be read kind of like the narrator is alternating between each of their points of view

El Hopper awoke one brisk autumn morning with the images of a dream still lingering in her head. It had been a good one, all soft touches and whispered promises and *Mike*, and although the dream version of him had been sweet she now was left with a feeling of longing and desire. She couldn't wait to see him at school. It was Friday and while students were often excited for the upcoming weekend and the football game that would occur later in the evening, El just wanted to see him, just wanted to spend any time possible with him.

That wasn't to say that they never got to do anything together, because they definitely did, but lately schedules had conflicted and things had come up and she was realizing just how long it had been since she'd been intimate with him. She missed it.

So when she saw him at school that morning she knew she must have had a strange look on her face. She couldn't stop staring at him while they were at their lockers before their first class. They didn't share first period together.

Mike Wheeler immediately noticed how she was looking at him. Her pupils were blown and her entire face seemed...Mike couldn't put his finger on it, *desperate?* *Needy?* All he knew for certain was that the way she was staring was making him feel very warm.

"I'll see you in an hour," Mike whispered as he kissed her cheek

before heading in the opposite direction to his first class of the day.

El watched him go, sighing to herself. When he disappeared around the corner she turned on her heels and headed into her own classroom.

The first hour passed without incident and El made her way to second period. Mike was in that class too and it made her happy to know that she would be sitting near him at least for a little while. She was sitting at her desk and digging through her backpack when Mike sat down in the desk next to her. They were near the back of the classroom but he had entered through the door at the back of the room so she hadn't noticed him until he was right next to her.

"Hey, looks like we have a substitute today," Mike said, leaning over so she could hear him speak quietly.

El looked up, scanning the room. Mike was right. At the front of the room was a woman she didn't recognize and she noticed that the woman looked a bit scared. El figured it was one of her first substituting jobs. The gears were already turning in El's mind. She gazed at Mike, trying to convey her thoughts to him. She finally got his attention about ten minutes into class after the substitute had passed out worksheets to keep everyone busy. Knowing that he was watching her finally, El held his gaze and motioned with her head toward the front of the classroom.

Mike watched as a stack of books that had been sitting on the teacher's desk suddenly fell onto the floor with a loud *thwap* sound. Everyone looked up. It was then, while they were distracted, that El got up and quietly left the room through the back door, making sure that Mike saw her.

Mike wasted no time, he followed her into the hallway, grabbing her hand.

“Come with me,” he said quietly. He led her down the hall and then made a turn. He opened the door to a small room and they stepped inside. “The photography club won’t need this room until this afternoon. No one will come in. And besides, once I flip this switch no one would come in because they’d be afraid to ruin film development.” Mike flicked the switch on the wall. The room was instantly red, shadows formed by the shelving and tables.

El thought the red color was very sexy. She liked how Mike’s cheekbones stood out and how his lips looked darker. She looked around the room, knowing she’d know what she wanted when she saw it. At the back of the room near the corner, where the red light barely reached, she spotted a chair and knew immediately that it would work for what she had in mind. She led Mike to the chair, walking backwards so she never had to take her eyes off of him, never murmuring a single word. Once they reached the chair her delicate hand pressed into his chest, causing him to stumble backwards. The chair caught him though as he sat down hard.

El was on him immediately, straddling his legs, a mischievous smile tugging at her lips.

“I couldn’t wait anymore,” she whispered as she leaned forward, pressing a small kiss to his neck and rolling her hips over his manhood, using enough pressure so that Mike could feel her against him down there.

Mike was surprised at the turn his day had taken. El was on his lap grinding herself into him and all he could do was follow her lead. They had some stuff plenty of times but for some reason this felt different...*new*. He wrapped his arms around her and it felt to him like the first time. She was pressing herself against him, causing his dick to become rock hard almost immediately. She kissed his neck and he was broken from the spell he'd been under. He started kissing her deeply as she rolled herself into him. His only thought was of how she felt against him.

"You wanted me?" He managed to whisper between kisses.

"Always," El whined against his mouth before biting his bottom lip. She was still being somewhat gentle, although her actions were gradually becoming much more frantic. Her hands went up to his neck before reaching his hair, her right hand clenching around a few strands before she pulled it enough so that he could crane his neck backwards. It gave her easier access to the exposed skin there and she nibbled on it eagerly, Mike's scent arousing her even more than she already was. She could now feel his erect cock pressing against her pussy, the only thing separating them being Mike's jeans and her panties. Today of all days she had chosen to wear a skimpy thong and she was now glad for it.

Mike's hands had found their way to her bare thighs, her skirt riding up as she straddled him. He let them wander, finally coming to rest on her ass. He could feel her bare cheeks under his palms, she was so warm and the thought of her wearing a thong only served to entice him more. He squeezed as he pulled her down into him. He wanted her to use her hands to give him some relief but it had become clear that she didn't intend to do that. Her hands were both alternating between pulling his hair, which was turning him on even more, and touching his face as she continued to kiss him, biting his lips and whispering nonsense that was making his hips rock into her without even really thinking about it. He could feel that she was wet, the

sparse material that was supposed to be her underwear doing nothing to keep her from dripping. He knew she was as turned on as he was, but he wasn't sure why she just kept dry humping him when she could have easily taken him inside her.

Mike just let it happen. Her legs were so smooth and she smelled like fresh strawberries. If this was what she wanted then he would gladly let her have it.

"Do you think you could come...like this?" El whispered close to his ear before licking the shell of it, her right hand still firmly gripping his soft black locks as she continued to rub her pussy on his covered shaft. "I know you can," she urged him, her lips now sucking on his earlobe. "Please do it for me, Mike. Will you please come while I sit here on you?"

It was obvious how hard Mike was. She could easily feel the outline of his hard cock on her dripping wet pussy and as much as she wanted to just get rid of their clothes, she wanted to try this even though she knew she might not be able to come. Seeing her boyfriend do this for her would be worth it. She didn't even give him the opportunity to answer; instead going back to his lips and attacking them viciously. She knew it had become messy, their saliva smeared around their mouths, but it only turned her on even more.

"Please, please, Mike. Please come for me," El whispered against lips.

Mike's arms shifted, holding her even closer to him. She was pinned against his body and even through his jeans he could feel how wet she was. He didn't let go of her as he moved his hips against her, letting his hard cock rub her as much as he could.

El was asking him if he could come like that, as though rubbing his hard dick against any part of her would yield anything less. Still, he found her questions to be incredibly hot. The way she was kissing him as she asked, so hot and needy, so full of desire, made his balls tighten.

“I can always come for you, El. It’s all I want to do.”

“Then please do it,” El whispered excitedly. She could feel her cunt tingling at Mike’s words, finding it so hot and so amazing how her boyfriend was always willing to please her in any shape or form. But this time she wanted to be the one pleasing him, she wanted to be the one who would bring him over the edge. Her movements quickened, becoming frantic from then on, her mouth all over his lips and neck; sucking, biting, and licking every exposed inch while her pussy continued to vigorously rub his clothed cock.

“Come in your pants, Mike. *Please*,” El insisted, her mouth going back to his ear as she licked and nibbled it. “I’ll clean your cock later if you do it. Just *please*.” Her voice was reassuring and needy at the same time, her words emphasized by her pussy tightly pressing against his hard cock.

Mike was enjoying the way she felt on him, enjoying her hot breath against his skin and the delicious feeling of her pussy grinding down onto him.

Then he opened his eyes.

The red light of the dark room made everything seem otherworldly and the expanse of bare skin that was El's legs caught his eye. She was pushing and pulling herself against him. He could see her leg muscles straining. It was a sigh that started him on a road from which there was no turning back. He listened to their combined breathing, El sounded almost desperate, rocking against him at an ever increasing rate. He was sure that he was breathing heavy too but all he could focus on were the breathy moans coming from the girl in his lap as she rubbed her sex on him.

"El, I think I'm gonna come. You're gonna make me come," Mike uttered as he gave in to the feeling of her melting into him.

"Yeah?" El moaned seductively, her hips never ceasing from rolling onto his lap. Mike wasn't the only one who was feeling good though. She could easily tell that she was dripping wet, her pussy sticking to her panties as she continued to dry hump him, but instead of focusing on her own pleasure she wanted to please her boyfriend and give him the best second period dark room orgasm she could imagine in the moment. "Then come for me, Mike. I want you to come in your pants for me."

As she said that her lips pressed against his but she soon removed herself enough to be able to look down between their bodies. She kept one hand in his hair while letting the other one travel down between her legs. She managed to lift her skirt up, what hadn't yet already ridden up, and pushed her scrap of panties aside so he could rub her bare cunt over his covered cock. She knew it might make a mess but she couldn't take it anymore. She needed to feel *more*.

"Look how wet you made me, Mike," El whispered as she admired the sight of herself, her right hand gently pushing Mike's head forward so he could see the same thing before he came.

Mike's worry over making a mess of himself only lasted a few seconds once El started rubbing herself on him in earnest. He was wearing black jeans anyway, it would be hardly noticeable. He could feel that it was only going to take a few more seconds. He reached down to massage El's dripping pussy, feeling how slippery she was, how warm. That combined with the look on her face and how it felt when her lips were pleading against his own, asking him so quietly to come for her, sent him over the edge. He held her close, leaving his one hand on her pussy which was still grinding on him.

"Oh, fuck, El."

Mike felt the warm sensation of his hot load of come filling the front of his pants. He held her tightly against himself until the last strings of come emptied into his jeans.

El was surprised to see how responsive she was to Mike's touch, not that she ever doubted her boyfriend's abilities to drive her over the edge so quickly, but it usually took a little more than just a mere rub. This time, though, was different and she figured it was because of how much they had dry humped until that moment. She came right after Mike, the room filled with his beautiful moaning voice, his fingers tightly pressed to her clit and the way he convulsed under her were enough to make her orgasm right away. She gripped his hair even tighter as she did so, her eyes wide open for a few seconds before she closed them and moaned Mike's name.

"Wow," she said as she opened her eyes, her heart still thumping against her rib cage as she looked down between their bodies. Mike's cock was starting to go limp although she could still feel the outline of his shaft and the mess they had made. At that point she didn't

even know if the wetness was from her, from him, or a combination of them both, but she was satisfied with the result. She smiled brightly, pulling her head back to see if Mike was as content as she was.

Feeling El come while she was straddling him and he was still fully clothed would have been enough for Mike if he hadn't just come what he could only assume was a bucket full. She felt so soft against him and she smelled so good and he couldn't believe that he got to do this with her. And the look on her face, how happy she was when they were done, Mike thought it might be etched on his brain forever.

"Did you enjoy it?" El asked excitedly, her arms wrapping around Mike's neck before she pulled him in for a quick kiss. She tried not to squish his limp member as she continued to sit on his legs so she moved her hips backwards a little, enough to hopefully make Mike comfortable. "How does it feel?" She whispered unsurely as she nuzzled her face against his shoulder, referring to the mess in his pants. She knew it was pretty much normal for her to be wet in public or to even have Mike's come drip out of her pussy at times, but she wasn't convinced that Mike was familiar with the feeling of having his boxers so wet and having to walk around as if nothing happened. And the last thing she wanted was for him to be uncomfortable, although a part of her still found it hot to know that Mike would spend some time like this and attend their classes this way.

"That was awesome, El. I guess I'll just be messy? I don't care though. It was worth it." Mike could indeed feel the warm mess in his boxers, it was already starting to cool. El was smiling at him though and she looked so beautiful and happy that he found that he didn't mind his cock being dirty for a while. He was already thinking about fourth period, which they also had together, followed by lunch. He knew he wanted to make her do something to clean up the

mess she'd made. He just wasn't sure how to ask.

"I promise to clean it up for you after school if you promise not to touch it until then," she smirked coyly, her eyebrows quirking up as she hoped that Mike would take her deal. She couldn't wait for their classes to be over since she already had her plan in mind and she'd be lying if she said she hadn't thought it through beforehand, but none of her fantasies could ever come close to them actually doing it. Seeing the way Mike reacted, hearing him moan and touch her, was more than she could have ever hoped for.

They returned to class just in time for the bell. Mike kissed El's forehead as they parted ways for third period and he spent the entire class shifting in his seat, trying to get comfortable. Finally it was time for fourth period and he could see El again. They shared a lab table in science.

El was already seated and waiting for Mike to join her in the lab when she spotted a dark mop of hair and a tall figure. It was her Mike and her eyes lit up immediately, her whole face brightening upon seeing him taking the seat next to her. She wasn't a big fan of showcasing their love in public and mainly because she had always been too possessive to share her love with anyone else for that matter, especially with a bunch of strangers. Even so, her arms wrapped around his neck as she kissed his cheek before looking down at his crotch. There was no visible evidence of their previous antics, but upon further inspection, which meant her hand pressing firmly against the front of his jeans, she realized that the proof was there. Mike's jeans were still slightly wet and sticky and she got excited again just remembering it all.

"How does it feel?" She asked, a little concerned, her hand coming up to his as she intertwined their fingers.

Mike couldn't believe she was asking him that as the teacher started talking. Being a "good boy" in school had been so ingrained in him that even the caress of his amazing girlfriend could barely break his focus. But she still somehow managed to get through. She was holding his hand and despite how he was trying to pay attention and despite how he didn't want to call attention to himself he found that he was unable to pull his hand away from hers as she guided him to her inner thigh under the table. He could feel her arousal already dripping down her legs. She was trying to push his fingers under her skirt and into her pussy.

"El, we can't do this here," Mike whispered, so afraid someone would see. He still didn't take his hand away though.

"Just...relax," El pouted as she continued to look up front as if she was listening intently to the teacher. In reality, all she could think of was how to get Mike's hand to her pussy. Of course she could always use her powers but she didn't want to. It would feel better to know that Mike wanted it too. Her jaw was slightly clenched as she focused on her boyfriend's lanky fingers, tightly gripping them until she finally managed to get them to her pussy. She controlled his movements with her hand clamped over his, making him nudge her panties aside before the first knuckle of his index finger was inside her dripping hole.

"Keep going," she urged him, a sneaky smile tugging at her lips. She was way too horny to think straight by then, although her face didn't betray their actions.

This certainly was not how Mike had expected fourth period to go but his reluctance quickly faded as he felt El slide his fingers closer to

her. It felt nice, sliding his index finger into her, noticing her subtle moan and how her legs opened more for him. The idea of fingering her in class was also appealing, but he knew she'd need more.

Eleven sighed contentedly, her eyes fluttering closed for a second or so before she came back to reality. This was wrong, it wasn't going to work. She wanted to come again and she knew it might draw attention to them if she did so. No, it would *definitely* draw attention if Mike made her come in class. She carefully removed Mike's hand from her pussy and gave him a knowing look before excusing herself to the bathroom. She was in one the girls' bathroom stalls hoping that Mike got the hint and would join her there. Even if he wouldn't, she knew she was going to take care of herself. But she kind of, okay *really*, hoped Mike could do that for her instead.

Mike sat alone at the lab table, having watched El leave the room. He wanted to follow her. Luckily enough the teacher handed out worksheets and everyone was working quietly so Mike took the opportunity to excuse himself. He searched the hallway and hoped that she'd gone into the only ladies' room on that wing of the school. He cautiously went inside.

"El?" Mike said, his voice hushed. "Are you in here?"

Suddenly the door of the far stall swung itself open. Mike peeked around the corner and was relieved to see El standing there. His relief quickly changed to something else though. She looked so desperate, so *horny*, and Mike's feel didn't consult his brain as they carried him into the stall.

His hands went to her face, gently gripping each side, and his lips crashed into hers, both of them wantonly caressing each other, their

tongues dancing and teasing.

“I love you,” El murmured between kisses and it was her subtle way of thanking Mike for deciding to join her. No matter how many times he would show her that he was willing to do anything for her, it still took her by surprise sometimes and this was one of those moments. School was important to Mike and although she understood it, it felt nice to know that he’d ditch it for her.

“I love you too, El,” he replied.

El’s arms wrapped around his neck as they kissed and she pulled him almost unbearably closer to her body. Her boobs were pressed against his chest while her hands started to roam all over him before they stopped on top of his. Swiftly, she guided his left hand to her ass while the other one was quickly making its way to her panties. She needed some sort of release, whether it was caused by his cock or his fingers. She didn’t care. Even so, she still wanted to stick with her after school plan and so she wanted his hand this time, but she wasn’t going to be selfish about it. She knew Mike was probably just as horny.

Mike knew what she wanted. Somehow he always knew. She was moving his hand to her but Mike had other plans. He dropped to his knees, hiking one of her legs up until her foot was resting on his shoulder. He moved her panties aside and inched closer to her. He knew he couldn’t take forever but he’d be damned if he didn’t make this good. She was always doing things for him and despite how well she was doing at acclimating to regular life, Mike knew that her time in the lab made her feel like there would always be something wrong with her, like she didn’t really deserve the good things she got, and all he ever wanted to do was to prove her wrong about that. He could never look at her any differently no matter what awful thing

she confided in him about her past life.

He slowly licked her wet opening, making sure to get every millimeter. His tongue slid along her folds and he was rewarded with a stifled moan. School bathrooms were always so echo-y. He inserted one finger after he was sure he'd teased her enough. Her heel was digging into his shoulder so he knew he was doing something right. As his finger slipped inside her his tongue found her clit. He rubbed it gently with his lip and his tongue, doing it more depending on the reaction he got. Her hands were in his hair and she was tugging in rhythm to what his tongue and fingers were doing.

El let Mike take over from the moment he dropped to his knees. She knew what was going to happen next and she felt fuzzy inside, her heart beating faster because of the anticipation that was building up. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head the moment Mike's tongue touched her inner folds. It felt so incredibly good, the way he knew how to lick and suck every inch of her pussy. It only got better as he added a finger inside her tight opening and she moaned out loud before realizing she might have to be quiet the entire time they were inside the stall.

One of her hands was tightly gripping the metal bar connected to the bathroom wall while the other one was wrapped around his hair as she gently guided his every movement. Not that Mike needed guidance; he already knew every possible way of making her feel good, but she needed to hold on to something and besides, she figured Mike enjoyed whenever she pulled his hair with even the slightest amount of pressure.

"More," El moaned out, pushing her pussy deeper into Mike's face, too horny to even realize what she was doing. "Put more inside," she continued to plead, letting her back rest against the wall as she

started touching her breasts while Mike was pleasing her.

Mike pushed his tongue further into her. He still didn't feel like it was enough so he moved both arms under her legs, gripping her ass with his hands. He pulled her as far into his face as he could, not caring if he could breathe. His tongue licked her furiously as his nose bumped against her clit.

El was tilting her hips to give him as much access as she could. She was involuntarily thrusting herself into him. Mike could feel her start to tremble. He wanted to shove his cock as deep into her as he could but he knew this was about *her* and he'd have to wait until later to feel himself balls deep inside her.

"Don't stop," El begged as she tried to look down at Mike but the pleasure was too much to bear. She had to squeeze her eyes shut and let her other senses take over as Mike continued to thrust his tongue in and out of her. She would have normally been slightly embarrassed to have Mike's face buried so deep inside her pussy, but she could no longer think straight. All she wanted was to come and she could feel herself getting closer to that moment.

"I'm...you're gonna make me come...with your tongue," she whispered absentmindedly, too caught up in the moment to know if she was making sense or not. She started rubbing her hips up and down Mike's face, making sure that his mouth and nose reached all the right places, especially her swollen clit that was aching to be touched.

It didn't take long after that for her to come unglued, her whole body shaking as she rode out her orgasm. She hung on to Mike for dear life, her hand gripping his hair probably tighter than necessary. The

hot liquid was starting to ooze even more out of her tight opening and she looked down at Mike, still on his knees and lapping at her juices. She smiled faintly, too spent to even talk any more.

Mike finished cleaning her up, still feeling little convulsions with his tongue. She was tired, he could tell. He finally got her presentable and helped her fix her out of place clothes.

“You should to back first and then I’ll come back. It might be weird if we return at the same time,” Mike said. El noticed that he looked like something was wrong.

“Is everything okay?” She asked.

Mike sighed. “I need to pee. I’m seriously thinking about doing it in here. I can’t make it to the men’s room.”

El blushed. “Um, well you know, Mike, don’t mind *me*. I think we should be past that by now.” She tried to sound nonchalant but she secretly was curious. She wanted to watch him.

“Um, well okay.” Mike unzipped his jeans and started to relieve his bladder. El couldn’t look away. Her mind filed the new experience away for later use. She had other matters to attend to today.

El was about to make her way out when she realized she didn’t care about that stupid lab. As much as she tried to keep up with Mike at school and be as much of a good student as he was, she really didn’t

care about all that stuff deep down.

“Why don’t you go back to class? Tell the teacher you ran into me and I went to the nurse’s office because I felt sick. I don’t care.” She shrugged her shoulders before pulling Mike into one last hug and peppering his cheek with kisses. “I love you and I’ll miss you,” she said playfully, although it was partly true. She had always felt so lost without Mike being around her, whether that meant 353 days or the rest of a class period.

Mike was in a bit of a daze as he walked back to class. He could still feel her kisses on his face but even more than that, he could still taste her. He told the teacher what El had told him to say but then spent the rest of the hour just thinking about her. He almost didn’t hear the announcement that came over the intercom.

Students, please be reminded that school will dismiss immediately following the mandatory pep rally. No afternoon classes today. Go Tigers!

Finally the bell rang, signaling lunch.

El was waiting for Mike in front of his locker and as soon as she spotted him she closed the distance between them and grabbed his hands. She wanted to say something about how good he was, but they were soon interrupted by their other friends so she decided to stay quiet for the time being. They went to the cafeteria together, talking about their day and eating their food together, but El couldn’t help but stare at Mike the entire time. He was so pretty and fascinating; the way he talked to their other friends and laughed along with them. *No wonder I fell in love with him*, she thought to herself and smiled.

As lunch came to a close and the pep rally drew ever closer, El had other plans once again.

When Mike tried to lead her into the bleachers to their seats, she grabbed his hand and kept him in place.

“No, come here,” she stated firmly before leading Mike underneath the bleachers where no one could possibly spot them unless they decided to do the same and hide in there as well. El hoped no one would. “We could stay here, don’t you think?” She asked as she feigned innocence, although the unabashed smile on her lips betrayed her intentions. She snaked her arms around Mike’s waist and stood on her tiptoes so she could peck his plush lips.

Mike welcomed her kiss. It was already pretty loud in the gym and kids were still filing in. He noticed quickly that El wasn’t messing around. She was lifting her leg and rubbing it against his thigh as she kissed him. Mike turned her around so that her back was to him. He knew she’d already be wet, he could tell by the urgency of her kiss. He unfastened his pants, feeling his cock be released from the prison that was his boxers for the first time that day. He lifted her skirt and, a little uncharacteristically for Mike, ripped her panties away as the crowd cheered for some unseen reason.

“They’re cheering for us, El,” Mike breathed into her ear as her panties fell away. He ran his hand over her smooth skin. “What do you want?”

Eleven was lost in Mike’s touches, her eyes closed as she rested her head back on his shoulder and let him handle her. But then she felt

his arm flexing and she could hear a faint ripping sound and she immediately knew what it was. It still startled her because Mike had never done anything like that to her and although she was initially confused because of what was happening, she decided she liked this side of him as much as any other. She smiled at his question and bit her lip before pressing her ass against his cock. She pulled his head down closer to hers.

“I want you to put your sticky cock inside my pussy. I bet there’s still come on it.”

She couldn’t see his member but she assumed she was right if Mike didn’t break their deal from earlier in the morning.

Mike bent her over, not bothering to answer her with words. He was inside her in one stroke. He felt her warm walls hug his hard dick as he hilted himself. She felt almost too good. The crowd was roaring again and Mike started to fuck her hard. He reached his hand down to where they were joined, feeling himself sliding in and out of her. He coated his first two fingers in her juices and then he moved his hand away. He shoved himself deeper inside and reached around her, inserting his sticky fingers into her mouth, feeling her suck greedily on them. He wanted to see if he could make her come twice before he finished himself.

Eleven’s eyes popped wide open and she gasped as she felt Mike’s slick cock entering her all at once. It was the first time his cock had entered her that day, in a while actually, and it took her a moment to adjust, her tight walls clamping hard onto his thick shaft. The first few thrusts hurt but in a way that only made her crave more and she was eager to see where this was going. She could only love it though when she felt Mike’s thin fingers nudging her lips and she opened her mouth wide and took his digits in, tasting herself on him and

moaning against his hand. She continued to suck his fingers as he fucked her hard, her ass pushing against his hips to meet his thrusts.

The crowd continued to cheer as the rally went on but to El it was just background noise. All she could hear and focus on was Mike's hot breath close to her ear, his moans and grunts and the faint sound of her ass slapping against his stomach.

Mike was so focused on fucking her. He was already sweaty, the gym was so hot, and his brow was furrowed, almost frowning as he grunted and rammed himself into her. He just wanted her to come. He wanted to feel that and then while she was still quivering he wanted to pick her up and fuck her against the wall. Her ass rubbing against him as he slammed himself inside was threatening to make him come so he was concentrating on doing anything but that.

El extended her left arm until she reached the back of Mike's neck, holding onto it as he continued to pound in and out of her. She moaned and sometimes gasped with every thrust, his movements so powerful she could feel his cock deeper inside her pussy as the seconds passed by.

"Right there," she almost shouted when he reached a certain spot and she angled her hips in a way that the tip of his cock could hit it again and again. She didn't care about being loud, or trying to be quiet, the music booming through the speakers and the other students' loud voices were enough for her to talk at whatever volume she chose.

Her mouth flew wide open as Mike followed her advice and continued to hit the same spot. Her vision became blurry. She was coming right there, standing up with Mike fucking her from behind under the bleachers. She lifted up her skirt to glance at Mike's cock

going in and out of her as she came on it, her other hand still gripping the back of his neck tightly for support.

Mike could feel her coming all around his cock. He didn't slow down until the pulsations died down a bit but her legs were still shaking. He pulled himself out of her and spun her around to face him. She looked all dreamy. In one swift motion he scooped her up, his arms going between her legs and lifting her in such a way that caused her legs to wrap around his waist. He carried her to the back wall under the bleachers, slamming her against it as he buried his cock back inside her.

"Oh, shit, I'm so sorry, El! I didn't mean to be so rough." Concern washed over his face and he kissed her gently, wanting to remove any pain he'd caused.

Eleven let out a small gasp as her back hit the wall. It hurt a little but it was nothing compared to what she had endured throughout her life. If anything, she found it unbearably hot that her shy and thoughtful Mike was the perpetrator of it. But then she heard his worried voice that she was so used to and she couldn't help but smile, her heart skipping a beat at her boyfriend's concern. It melted her soul, the way he would always find the time to apologize even in moments such as this.

"Just...fuck me," El whined, trying to roll her hips and take more of his cock inside her but she couldn't do much without his help. Until he did as he was told she attached her mouth to his, biting on to his bottom lip harder than ever in an attempt to urge him to let himself loose and be rough if he wanted to be.

Mike didn't need much more encouragement than that. El biting his

lip sent new shockwaves down his spine and he felt his dick get harder. He found his rhythm, allowing her to roll her hips against him in time with his unrelenting thrusts.

"I don't know if I can last much longer. Do you think you can come again for me?" Mike asked as his cock disappeared into her.

"Yes...just...don't stop," El breathed out between his rough thrusts, her back hitting the wall with every one of them and her breasts bouncing up and down. She closed her eyes, focusing on the way Mike was fucking her so good and she buried her face in his shoulder, moaning and slightly drooling on his shirt as she felt her orgasm approaching. It only took a few more seconds, but then she finally managed to whisper before she was there again.

"Don't come inside."

She hoped Mike didn't take her words the wrong way but she couldn't worry about it anymore as her orgasm took over, a small scream muffled by Mike's shoulder as her pussy clamped hard on his cock. She didn't even let herself recover completely before she hopped off his cock and stood up, her soft fingers wrapping around his throbbing member as she started pumping his rigid shaft while kissing him eagerly.

Mike had lived out one of his favorite fantasies, taking her hard against the wall. He could only feel her mouth on his now, feel her hand stroking his cock. He pulled back to watch her do it. She worked it from base to tip with one hand, pumping him, and she used her other hand to tease his swollen cockhead. She was so close to him that he could feel her body against his balls, which felt so tight and full of come. She looked up at him as her small hands kept their

rhythm. He didn't know if he could ever feel more in love.

"El, oh fuck, I'm coming. I'm coming right now."

El continued to move her hands over his shaft but Mike noticed that just as the first stream of come started to shoot out she put her palm over the tip of his dick. It made the come drip down the length of his cock, covering it and oozing to his balls. She kissed him again as he came into her hand.

She smiled proudly against his mouth, happy that her plan succeeded and Mike didn't come before it was time. Now she could feel his hot semen dripping down her fingers and on his cock and it was all she ever wanted, knowing full well that she was going to clean the mess up using her mouth later. She removed her hand after it was all done, bringing her fingers to her lips and sucking them clean as she looked at Mike with a playful glint in her eyes.

"Put them back on," she said as she tugged on his boxers and after she did so, she kissed his mouth, happier than ever.

"You are the best," she mumbled against his lips.

Mike did as she asked. He was glad there were no more classes that day but feeling this dirty had been worth it.

"I think *you* are the best," he said as they waited for the gym to clear out. They finally saw their chance to leave the seclusion of the

bleachers and retrieved their belongings from their lockers. It was Friday and the Party would all be at Mike's later so they wanted to spend as much time alone as possible. El was going to ride home with him on his bike.

Mike was pedaling slowly, feeling a bit uncomfortable, as they found themselves behind the school. No one was around.

"Stop here," El said from her place on the seat behind him, her arms still encircled around Mike's waist. She quickly let one of her hands travel down to his soft cock before giving it a light squeeze, letting Mike know what was yet to come. She looked around to see if there was anyone, but it seemed like everything was clear so she led Mike closer to the building until his back hit the wall. Gently, she squatted down in front of him and unzipped his jeans as she looked up at his beautiful features.

"I told you I was going to clean it up for you."

As soon as his soft cock was free, El didn't waste one second. She quickly put it inside her mouth, marveling at how she could fit it all in now that it hadn't grown yet. That was what she wanted; to fully feel Mike and taste the musky scent of his almost dried come. She never had a problem swallowing his come and today was no exception. She made sure to clean it all up. She lapped and nibbled on his cock as she looked up at him and she could feel and see his dick getting increasingly bigger because of her efforts.

"Are you going to come again, Mike? You can come in my mouth this time. No more mess," she offered teasingly before she resumed licking his growing erection.

Mike looked down at her as she lapped at his dick, which was starting to throb. She was looking back up at him and he felt his heart skip. He'd never be able to say no to her.

Author's Note:

I couldn't have written this without the El to my Mike, the Mike to my El, my best friend. DUDE! Love you so much.